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# A Cure for Hard Times.

## A POEM.

By B. Y. SINGLETON.

When to the good people I send greeting,  
While they in bulge much good eating,  
And bid them be of good cheer  
When I predict prosperity the coming year.

If you would have times good,  
Let it be well understood  
That you must spend your money free,  
And in this good sense see.

Don't keep nine dollars out of ten  
Still as a setting hen,  
But keep it passing round,  
Till not one in debt can be found.

Let all unite in the good cause  
Of bettering times without congressional laws,  
By every one being an honest man  
And paying his debts fast as he can.

Let farmers plow and plant,  
And keep busy as the ant,  
Then reap their grain and store it well,  
And wait for a good time to sell.

And when you sell for a good price  
Come and buy every thing that's nice,  
For goods and wares are very low,  
And this will please you well I know.

If merchants wish to do well,  
Let them advertise all they have to sell,  
Then let it be their daily pleasure  
To lay up much gold treasure.

And always show respect to all  
Who on them for goods do call,  
And never slight the honest poor,  
Lest with you they deal no more.

Let mechanics rise early in the morn  
And work till they hear the breakfast horn,  
After which let them to their work return  
And many standard dollars earn.

Let preachers preach Christ, and Him con-  
fessed,  
And with this let them be satisfied,  
Without preaching war, women's rights and  
politics,  
With many other cunning tricks.

Let it be their constant aim  
To preach eternal life through Jesus' name,  
And always keep this hope in view  
And they will have enough to do.

When doctors do their patients kill,  
Let them charge a small bill,  
And assure the family of their good will  
Till they want another pill.

When love-licks go tripping round,  
Looking where a bean may be found,  
Let them be careful about those  
Who love masquerade balls and minstrel  
shows.

If gentlemen want the best lady for a wife:  
They may bet their pocket knife  
That I know the best to be found,  
For twice ten miles round.

When poets do the world amuse,  
Why should any them abuse;  
Their lot is hard enough  
Without getting a rebuff.

Though I'm so well satisfied,  
Let this truth be not denied,  
When people close their money bags,  
Poets have to go in rags.

Let those who expect soon to die,  
Never this solemn truth deny,  
Of all the cemeteries near round,  
Rose Hill's the prettiest to be found.

And if at the resurrection you wouldn't be  
forgot,  
Buy of Conant & Son a beautiful lot.

And sure as you would your soul save,  
Vow you'll be buried in a Rose Hill grave.

When you have money to store away,  
Whether your head be black or gray,  
Deposit in Frackelton & Co.'s bank with  
pleasure,  
I check it out at leisure.

If you want a pleasant game,  
That you can play without shame,  
Go to Elliott & Harper's billiard hall,  
And play till some pressing duty call.

When gentlemen want to marry,  
Go to Ole and don't tarry,  
And engage the finest boots ever seen,  
Your marital boots I mean.

And if your shoes are holey,  
Have them repaired by Ole;  
He can do it very nice  
For a hard times price.

When you want a nice beef steak,  
Go to the shop of Morris & Murphy,  
Go to the old meat slicer,  
Known by the name of Dan, Eichler.

When you want work done in a hurry,  
Go to the shop of Morris & Murphy,  
They do their work in good time,  
And don't think hard if they charge you a  
dime.

If you would be a happy soul,  
Buy of the junction men your coal,  
Always patronize the honest laborers,  
And send to them your neighbors.

When you want the best Imperial tea,  
You ever did or can see,  
Go to the coal company's store,  
And buy it evermore.

When you want a buggy strong and neat,  
And that's very hard to be beat,  
Go to our enterprising S. B. Bryant,  
Who is very self-reliant.

Sure as I'm a good guesser,  
Buy your wagons of Sam. Deerwester,  
They are made in good style,  
And will last a long while.

When you want a drink of rock and rye,  
To make you feel four stories high,  
Go to the mammoth saloon of Heitheimer,  
But don't take enough to make you stammer.

When you want to pay your money,  
For a drink of peach and honey,  
Go to the saloon of Henry J.,  
And don't hurry to get away.

When farmers want good tiling,  
To set them all to smiling,  
Buy of Eastman Anderson & Co.,  
When they the best tiling show.

If you want a refreshing drink,  
That will of pleasant things make you think,  
Go to Otto's sample rooms,  
Kept clean as if swept with new brooms.

Sure as there's a handle to a pitcher,  
Buy your jewelry of Charlie Fisher,  
And when you want your watch repaired,  
Go to Charlie and by others don't be insnared.

Let all those who can,  
Buy coal of the South Valley man,  
And always do the best you can,  
By dealing with an honest man.

Let me wish those a happy New Year,  
Who for the poet and printer do care,  
May they in business prosper well,  
In whose hearts the poet and printer dwell.

Petersburg, Ill., Dec. 23d, 1885.



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